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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1915.

The spendthrift of time squanders life itself.

canoe of the alternative suggestions for peace made by the head of the German Publicity Bureau here.

The Challenge of "Booze" to the Commonwealth

THIS week will loom large in significance in the political history of Pennsylvania. The Governor is engaged in a mighty fight to protect property interests in this Commonwealth, and at the same time to give the people of the several counties the right, if they desire, to drive out the saloon.

His fight is a fight for property interests, because if local option fails, out of its carcass will rise prohibition, a propaganda which is espoused with fanatical ardor, which takes no note of precedents or established customs, but is intent on utterly disrupting and exterminating all alcoholic factories. It has nothing to do with temperance. It works with the scalpel and cuts the cancer out.

The Governor fights for property interests, because under local option there will not be prohibition in the large cities, but chiefly in the rural districts, wherefore few liquor manufacturing establishments will be driven out of business and their property confiscated. He fights for property interests because he fights to drive the liquor industry into a position satisfactory to public opinion wherever operative.

The liquor interest is intent on cutting its own throat at Harrisburg by opposing local option. The Governor is endeavoring to lead a great group of citizens out of madness into a clear vision of the situation.

"The saloons were the centres of nearly all the corruption in the election at Terra Haute," said Judge Anderson, when sentencing the men who had pillaged Vigo County. "My notion is that the saloon will have to go."

That is the conclusion to which a great majority of the citizens of the United States are coming. The saloon in its present form must go. It must go because it has become the breeding place of political corruption. It has not been content to ply its trade. It has reached its tentacles into the penetralia of government. It has debauched political leaders and parties, governed cities and commonwealths. It has hatched conspiracy after conspiracy against good government and fertilized with strong drink the elements on which corruptionists have depended to work their will.

And nowhere has the saloon in such activities been more energetic than in Pennsylvania. It comes fresh from the triumph of last fall; flushed with the success it then achieved, boastful and insolent, arrogant, it endeavors to cover with its slush-fund blanket a Governor who as a candidate steadfastly refused to have anything to do with it; but, on the contrary, was emphatic in repudiation of it. Whatever other Republicans may feel—and more than one of them has openly acknowledged at Harrisburg a barter of vote and influence—Mr. Brumbaugh stands stain-free, and in his hands he holds, as no man in this State before has held it, the future of the Republican party.

The reasons why the local option bill must pass melt into one another. It is a life-saver to the liquor interests, which, many citizens think, are entitled to a chance to reform. It ratifies the American principle of local self-government. It minimizes the danger to democratic institutions involved in the saloon. It saves the Republican party from the stigma of carrying out an infamous bargain, entered into by a few leaders and constituting a conspiracy against the State.

The saloon must go. That does not mean prohibition, but it does mean new methods of selling, and particularly separation of beer-selling from whisky-selling. It means an end of the saloon in politics, and the end of it altogether in communities that are utterly opposed to it; its retention under different conditions in communities that want it.

More important than anything else now is the local option bill. History will be made when the vote is taken Wednesday. A black day it will be for the Republican party and the liquor interests, too, if the bill goes down to defeat and the conspiracy of barter is successful.

Germany is not much on the water, but below and above it—well!

It is reliably reported that a great many Councilmen are going to San Francisco this summer.

It may be said that every Mexican boy has about a hundred times as good a chance of being President as any American has.

King George, although he is abstaining from alcoholic drinks, is taking pains to protect the wines in his cellars from deterioration.

The impetus of the bigger Chamber of Commerce movement is so great that it seems likely to keep on going for several months.

Wall street has a way of coming back that reminds the unfortunate of the performance of a rubber band which breaks when it is stretched too far.

Henry Ford says that he does not want any political office. The trouble in this country is that it's generally the men who haven't made good who do.

Either the court will have to decide in favor of Mr. Roosevelt in the libel suit brought by Mr. Barnes or the recall of decisions will be in for another talk boost.

After seeing New York's East Side, Huerta remarked that he hadn't thought before that Mexicans were so clean. Huerta will be getting in bad with our local opponents of good housing if he is not careful.

The most phenomenal student in Harvard's Graduate School has announced that he will never marry. "A pretty woman means nothing to me," he says. Now let some one write an essay on the effect of higher education on the marrying instinct in men.

COLONEL NELSON, VOLCANIC EDITOR

Well Loved and Well Hated, as He Wished to Be—He Was One of Kansas City's Greatest Distinctions.

By JULIAN STREET

By Special Arrangement with the Century Company.

COLONEL WILLIAM R. NELSON, for many years editor of the Kansas City Star, who died last week, is the subject of a chapter in Julian Street's book, "Abroad at Home." Mr. Street visited Kansas City for the purpose of seeing the Union Station and Colonel Nelson, "one as big as the other," and his characterization of the editor, written, of course, several weeks ago, follows:

Colonel Nelson is a "character." Even if he had not the mind he has, he would be a "character," if only by virtue of his appearance. I have called him a volcano; he is more like one than any other man I have ever met. He is even shaped like one, being mountainous in his proportions, and also in the way he tapers upward from his vast waist to his snow-capped "peak." Furthermore, his face is lined, seamed and furrowed in extraordinary suggestion of those strange, gnarled lava forms which adorn the slopes of Vesuvius. Even the voice which proceeds from the Colonel's "crater" is Vesuvian; hoarse, deep, rumbling, strong. When he speaks, great natural forces seem to stir, and you hope that no eruption may occur while you are near, lest the fire from the mountain descend upon you and destroy you.

"Umph!" rumbled the volcano as it shook hands with my companion and me. "You're from New York? New York is running the big gambling house and show house for the country. It doesn't take any more interest in where the money comes from than a gambler cares where you get the money you put into his game."

Kansas—and the Rest

"Kansas is the greatest State in the Union. It thinks. It produces things. Among other things, it produces crazy people. It is a great thing to have a few crazy people around! Roosevelt is crazy. Umph! So were the men who started the Revolution to break away from England."

"Most of the people in the United States don't think. They are indifferent and apathetic. They don't want to work. One of our Star boys went to an agricultural college to see what was going on there. What did he find out? Why, instead of making farmers they were making professors. Yes, pretty nearly the entire graduating class went there to learn to teach farming. That's not what we want. We want farmers."

The Colonel's enemies have tried, on various occasions, to "get" him, but without distinguished success. The Colonel goes into a fight with joy. Once, when he was on the stand as a witness in a libel suit which had been brought against his paper, a copy of the editorial containing the alleged libel was handed to him by the attorney for the prosecution.

"Colonel Nelson," said the attorney, menacingly, "did you write this?"

"No, sir!" bristled the Colonel, with apparent regret at the forced negation of his answer, "but I subscribe to every word of it!"

Almost in Jail

Once the Colonel's enemies almost succeeded in putting him in jail.

A Star reporter wrote a story illustrating the practice of the Jackson County Circuit Court in refusing to permit a divorce case to be dismissed by either husband or wife until the lawyers in the case had received their fees. The Star contended that such practice, where the couple had made up their quarrel, made the court, in effect, a collection agency. Through a technical error the story, as printed, seemed to refer to the Judge of one division as the court when it should have applied to another. The Judge, who was, through this error, apparently referred to, seized the opportunity to issue a summons charging Colonel Nelson with contempt of court.

Colonel Nelson, who had known nothing of the story until he read it in print, not only went to the front for his reporter, but caused the story to be reprinted, with the added statement that it was true and that he had been summoned on account of it.

When he appeared in court the Judge demanded an apology. This the Colonel refused to give, but offered to prove the story true. The Judge replied that the truth of the story had nothing to do with the case. He permitted no evidence upon that subject to be introduced, but, drawing from his pocket some typewritten sheets, proceeded to read from them a sentence condemning the Colonel to one day in jail. This sentence he then ordered the sheriff to execute.



How, before the sheriff could do so, a lawyer, representing the Colonel, ran up stairs and secured from the Court of Appeals, in the same building, a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the decision of the lower Judge had been prepared before he heard the evidence. This the latter admitted. Thus the Colonel was saved from jail—somehow, it is rumored, to his regret. Later the case was dismissed by the Supreme Court of Missouri.

An attorney representing the gas company, against which the Star had been waging war, called on the Colonel one day to complain of injustices which he claimed the company was suffering at the hands of the paper.

"Colonel Nelson," he said, "your young men are not fair to the gas company."

"Let me tell you," said the Colonel, "that if they were I'd fire them."

"Why, Colonel Nelson?" said the dismayed attorney. "Do you mean to say that you do not want to be fair?"

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel. "When has your company been fair to Kansas City? When you are fair my young men will be fair."

Power of Negative Action

If there is one thing about the Star more amazing than another, it is perhaps the effect it can produce by mere negative action—that is, by ignoring its enemies instead of attacking them. In one case, a man who had made most objectionable attacks on Colonel Nelson personally was treated to such a course of discipline, with the result, I was informed, that he was utterly ruined.

The Star did not assail him. It simply refused to accept advertising from him and declined to mention his name or to refer to his enterprises.

When the victim of this singular reprisal was writhing under it, a prominent citizen called at Colonel Nelson's office to plead with the Colonel to "let up."

"Colonel," he protested, "you ought not to keep after this man. It is ruining his business."

"Keep after him?" repeated the Colonel. "I'm not keeping after him. For me he doesn't exist."

"That's just the trouble," urged the mediator. "Now, Colonel, you're getting to be an old man. Wouldn't you be happier when you lay down at night if you could think to yourself that there wasn't a single man in Kansas City who was worse off because of any action on your part?"

At that occurred a sudden eruption of the old volcano.

"By God!" cried the Colonel, "I couldn't sleep."

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA
DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) Century—"Cabages and Kings"
- (2) Atlantic Monthly—"The War and the Way Out"
- (3) New Republic—"The Prosperous War"
- (4) Yale Review—"The Real Thing"
- (5) Forum—"The War of the European Cultures"

ENGLAND TODAY

FOR ITS English, doncher-know!—the phrase used to suggest such a variety of pictures, from the swagger young fop, sucking his cane down Piccadilly, up the scale to royalty, and down to the other extreme, our comedy-stage notion of the cockney, hilly-dripping his it's and slinging coster songs. Today, however, these thoughts are almost forgotten and the word English suggests only a nation in the throes of war. And then we drift along into mild or sorrowful or violent thoughts, according as we are neutral or pro or anti-Allies.

The month's magazines present a comprehensive picture of English life today, as the nation adapts herself to wartime conditions, with one or two glimpses from the past, as in the memoirs of H. R. H. the Infanta, Eulalia of Spain, which are appearing in the Century (1):

Spaniards are simply incapable of understanding the English love of life in the open air. More than that, they are inclined to look upon such taste as rather ill-bred. For instance, only the humblest Spaniard would dream of eating his cold lunch by the roadside and I am sure that the true aristocrat would never appreciate the charm of seeking out some picturesque spot and having tea from a tea basket. No Spanish lady of quality would even allow herself to walk barefoot in her own garden and reclining in a hammock or on the grass would be ruthlessly banned. One summer day Queen Christina came to me with a look of sheer consternation on her face. "Eulalia," she said, "I have just seen an English woman lying on the grass in the park. The culprit was a lady-in-waiting, who had been brought to Spain by an English Princess visiting the court. I had some difficulty in convincing the Queen that such an act would not be considered a shocking breach of etiquette in England."

One thing that used to delight me was the informality of the English tea. It was invariably served in common in the drawing room. After the servants had brought it in they retired and left us to our own devices. Neighbors frequently dropped in without warning, and often as we gathered round a big blazing fire and ate their wonderful home-made delicacies unknown to continentalers, there was a charming feeling of expansiveness and intimacy that we never had at other times of the day. Of late years I have noticed that such a custom has changed. You find your place set at a table loaded with expensive flowers and accessories from the chic caterer; footmen are in constant attendance, and the charm of informality has entirely gone.

Asquith Speaks for England

There is official significance to Mr. Asquith's statement, quoted by G. Lowes Dickinson in the Atlantic Monthly (2). It is, to be sure, the statement of an ideal, toward which, as Mr. Asquith points out, there has been little progress in the last 50 years, but that he should emphasize it just now gives it both interest and importance:

I should like, if I might for a moment, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my countrymen to the end which in this war we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said: "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly 50 years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy.

The idea of public right—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means first and foremost the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States and of the future molding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities—each with a corporate consciousness of its own.

Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, the substitution for force of a European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not or will not be realized either today or tomorrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range and will long within the grasp of European statesmanship.

War always means first the soldiers in the

PAST AND FUTURE OF RUTHENIA

By A HUNGARIAN JOURNALIST

THE Ukraine, also known as Ruthenia, is in the southern part of Russia. It is Russia's granary. Odessa is the principal city of the Ukraine.

What may be termed as the Ukrainian movement, akin to a national crusade, has two principal centers, one in Vienna, moved there because Lemberg is in the hands of the Russians, and the other in Philadelphia. There are 1,000,000 Ruthenians in this country, whose national aspirations for an independent Ruthenia are embodied in their resident Bishop, Solor S. Ortynski, whose sole churchly superior is the Pope in Rome.

While the religious liberty of the Ruthenian is unfettered, his general welfare is in the hands of the reactionary Russian oligarchy. In Europe—that is, Russia, Austria and the surrounding States—there are 40,000,000 Ruthenians, with 200,000 more in Canada and 60,000 in Argentina. This great number of human beings is lacking in the capacity for self-government; certainly it has failed to wrest individual freedom from Russia. And yet, according to so noted an authority as Dr. Stefan Rudnycki, professor of geography at the University of Lemberg, the Ruthenians are as distinct a national entity as the Poles, Russians, Czechs and Bulgarians.

As a matter of historic fact, the Ruthenians are an enslaved race within a conquering nation. Ruthenian historians and researchers assert that in former days there was a Ruthenian State, which the Mongolian, Jenghis Khan, destroyed. The dislocated land fell first into the clutches of the Lithuanians and then came under Polish suzerainty. Both conquerors were too weak to withstand Tartar incursions, which covered a period of 500 years.

A new Ukrainian arose in 1648 under the leadership of Bohdan Chmelnytsky, only to be annexed to Russia a comparatively short time later. By the end of the 18th century the last

Removing the Schuylkill

THE final opening of the Passunk avenue bridge, 14 years after the awarding of the first contract, was celebrated in a manner fitting the importance of the event. So far as the relations between south and southwestern Philadelphia are concerned the bridge removes the Schuylkill River and achieves the close connection between two large districts of the city which they have long been awaiting. There are vast tracts of unoccupied land in both districts. In one section it is expected that large factories will be built, and in the other, now accessible by way of the bridge, thousands of homes will be erected for the accommodation of the workmen. Of course, new homes will be built in South Philadelphia also, but there is not room there for all the people who can be employed in the big manufacturing plants to be put up near the great transportation lines, on both banks of the river.

The pressing need of the whole city is the removal of all obstacles in the way of free communication among its various parts. Great arteries must connect the business centre with the outlying districts, and the outlying districts must be brought within easy access of one another, so that the municipality may become conscious that it is a single unit of throbbing life. This consummation of the desires of the forward-looking citizens is well on its way, and when the new rapid transit system is built the whole city will be benefited, as part of it has been helped by the opening of the long-delayed bridge.

Not Yet Time to Rejoice

UNCLE SAM has received \$2,824,000 for the use of the Panama Canal since July 1. "There!" say the Government-ownership people, triumphantly. "We told you that the Government could make money operating canals and railroads."

But, can it? The same report from Panama which announces the income also announces the outgo, and it has cost about 10 per cent. more than Uncle Sam has taken in to pay for operating and maintaining the waterway in the period covered by the figures, with no allowance made for interest, for sinking fund or for depreciation. Rejoicing over Panama Canal profits is premature.

Schoolmen as Statesmen

SAM McCALL, of Massachusetts—he is always "Sam" to his admirers—who declined the presidency of Dartmouth College to devote himself to saving his country, took pains at the Lotus Club dinner in New York to remind the nation that the Republican party has an actual college president who could serve it in the Presidency as well, if not better, than the former president of Princeton is now serving it. He nominated Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, as the successor to Woodrow Wilson.

President Butler agrees with ex-Congressman McCall that a man who has been at the head of a great college has had training that fits him to be the head of a great nation. Andrew D. White, former president of Cornell, and David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford, and Charles E. Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, will all agree with McCall. And every schoolman, with any hankering after public life, stands ready to maintain that if there were more of his profession in public office it would be better for the country. And there are many Pennsylvanians who believe that if all the schoolmen were like Doctor Brumbaugh the country has made a mistake in not calling on them oftener to serve it.

Dr. Dernburg's Peace Plans

THE letter which Doctor Dernburg sent to Portland is interesting only so far as it is an informal reply to the peace terms which have been outlined by the Allies. The French Premier, a few days ago, announced that France would not lay down arms until it had recovered Alsace and Lorraine, until Belgium was once more free and until Prussian militarism had been crushed. Russia is supposed to have views about the Balkan district as well as about Belgium.

Doctor Dernburg replies that Belgium is necessary to Germany, so that Germany may have a front door opening on the sea. But the real German front door is Holland and the mouth of the Rhine. German statesmen for more than 75 years have looked longingly at the stretch of the Rhine that extends from the Holland frontier to the sea, and they have made more than one attempt to divert German shipping by canals from the Rhine to the smaller German rivers in the north. Belgium, however, by the exigencies of war has taken the place of Holland in the German dream. As the alternative to retaining possession of Belgium, Doctor Dernburg suggests that not only the sea, but the narrow straits, be neutralized and made free to all nations. He doubtless has in mind the narrow straits connecting the Baltic with the North Sea. And he says that if these straits could be kept open to commerce Germany, which has no dream of world dominion, might be satisfied.

It is not necessary to inquire into the merits of his argument or into the other suggestions which he makes, but it is important that all those who are watching the growth of the feeling that the war has been fought long enough, should understand the significance

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
 And chanted a melody no one knew;
 And the woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
 And thought of the one she had long since lost,
 And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
 "I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
 And chanted a melody no one knew;
 And the children said, as they closer drew,
 "The wind that is that is clearing the way
 For a night trumpet that just then blew,
 And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
 And chanted a melody no one knew;
 And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
 Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
 And fuel is dear and water low,
 And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
 And chanted a melody no one knew;
 But the poet listened and smiled, for he knew
 Was man and woman and child, all three,
 And said, "It is God's own harmony,
 This wind we hear in the chimney."